Complotted and contriued in this land:
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently like a traitour coward,
Sluce out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of bloud,
Which bloud, like ſacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tounglesſe Cauernes of the earth,
To me for iuſtice and rough chaſtiſement:
And, by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.
King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares,
Thomas of Norfolke what ſaiſt thou to this?
Mowb. Oh let my ſoueraigne turne awaie his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe.
Till I haue tolde this ſlaunder of his bloud,
How God and good men hate ſo foule a lier.
King. Mowbray impartiall are our eies and eares.
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſonne,
Now by ſcepters awe I make a vowe,
Such neighbour neerenes to our ſacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmeneſſe of my vpright ſoule,
He is our ſubiect Mowbray ſo art thou.
Free ſpeech and feareleſſe I to thee allowe.
Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke as lowe as to thy heart
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throate thou lieſt.
Three partes of that receipte I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I duely to his highneſſe ſouldiers,
The other part reſerude I by conſent,
For that my ſoueraigne liege was in my debt.
Vpon remainder of a deare account:
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,

I ſlew

I ſlewe him not but to m
Neglected my ſworne d
For you my noble Lord
The honourable father t
Once did I lay an ambuſh
A treſpaſſe that doth vex
But ere I laſt receiude th
I did confeſſe it, and exa
Your graces pardon, and
This is my fault, as for th
It iſſues from the rancour
A recreant and moſt dege
Which in my ſelfe I boid
And enterchangeably hu
Vpon this ouerweening t
To proue my ſelfe a loya
Euen in the beſt bloud ch
In haſte wherof moſt har
Your highnes to aſsigne
King. Wrath kindled g
Lets purge this choler w
This we preſcribe thoug
Deepe malice makes too
Forget, forgiue, conclude
Our doctors ſay, this is no
Good Vncle let this end
Weele calme the Duke o
Gaunt. To be a make-
Throw downe (my ſonne
King. And Norfolke th
Gaunt. When Harry? v
Obedience bids I ſhould
King. Norfolke throw
Mow. My ſelfe I throw
My life thou ſhalt comma
The one my duety owes,
Deſpight of death that li

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